
Title: Studies: The Shattering

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Long has the shattering
of the Gem of Immorta-
lity weighed upon my
thoughts.

A lifetime I have spent
studying the mystic arts,
and yet it is only lately
that I have begun to
uncover even the least of
the Gem's secrets.

Two things have become
clear to me. While both
warrant further
investigation I know not
how much I alone will
find, but I keep this
notebook as a way to
record my discoveries.

I hope it will be saved
up against the day that I
must depart this world,
to be of use to those
who must succeed me.

First, I have uncovered
proof that no hand but
that of the Stranger,
who defeated Mondain,
could have shattered the
Gem. A stranger not only
to our people, but to our
entire reality, the laws
and harmonies binding the
Stranger were somehow
different than those that
act upon us.

It was this differing set
of qualities that allowed
the Stranger to interact
with the Gem on a plane
closer to its own
abstract reality,
ultimately shattering it.

That those of differing
planes can have influence
and effect upon our
world brings to mind a

most disturbing line of
thought, best left for
another day... yet I feel I
must note it now.

There was a once
madman who attempted to
cast a most terrible
spell, one which would
bring about the cessation
of all life upon our world.

That he and his
followers failed, thankfully,
even though they had the
requisite knowledge and
resources... it seems as
though the spell itself
was designed by those
not of our world.

I leave this, then, and
will concentrate upon my
second realization. Within
each shard of the Gem
of Immortality lies a
perfect likeness of the
world as it was at the
very moment the Gem
was shattered. My liege
has confessed many things
to me, many disturbing
things, about the influence
the Gem's power still
holds upon these worlds.

It is possible that within
each of these shards lie
copies of the shattered
remains of the Gem of
Immortality. I had thought
this impossible, that the
Gem transcended our
reality and was no longer
a part of our world. Yet
I gaze upon the shining
facets of a shard, looking
at the world slowly
spinning within, and it
seems clear to me.

The stone's sinister
power was not destroyed
when the Stranger
shattered the stone, but
instead spread throughout
the shards themselves.

Thus the question begs:
does this recursion go on

forever? Are there
worlds within worlds,
scattered like dandelions
on the wind, lying in my
trembling hand?

And what influence does
the Gem yet have upon
them?